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Trinity Tablet, March 31, 1906

Trinity College

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THE TRINITY TABLET

ESTABLISHED APRIL 11, 1868

TRINITY COLLEGE
VOL. XXXIX



MAR. 31, 1906
No. 8

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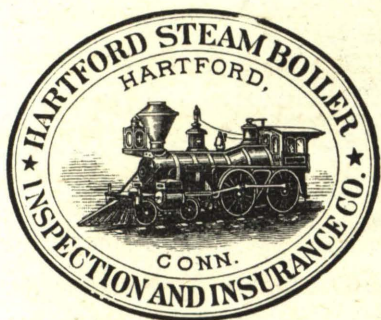
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V

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Formerly on site of present State Capitol, it was transferred in 1878 to new buildings in the southwestern part of the city. The principal of these, in the English Secular Gothic style, 653 feet long—including Jarvis and Seabury Halls and Northam Towers, is one of the most imposing and admirably fitted educational edifices in the United States. It was intended to form the west side of a great quadrangle. Outside of the lines of this quadrangle on the south, are the Observatory, the Boardman Hall of Natural History, and the Jarvis Laboratories for Chemistry and for Physics. To the north of it are the Gymnasium, houses of the President and Professors, and Chapter Houses of the Fraternities. Below the College Campus to the east and within three minutes' walk, is the spacious Athletic field. In beauty of situation, healthful conditions of life, and equipment for its special work, the College is not surpassed.

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

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The Trinity Tablet

VOL. XXXIX

MARCH 31, 1906

No. 8

Published every three weeks during the college year

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EDITORIALS

THE news that we are to have a joint concert with Wesleyan comes to us as a pleasant surprise. It shows that the rupture between the two colleges is neither complete nor lasting. We hope that the athletic tangle may be straightened out in a short time, and that complete and cordial relations may be re-established between the two institutions. Wesleyan is our natural rival by situation as well as by tradition. No game excites such keen rivalry or attracts such large crowds as a Wesleyan game. No victory is more greatly rejoiced at, or defeat so deeply felt. That the concert will be a success we have no doubt. The former athletic rivalry, deprived of its natural outlet, will

put forth its utmost endeavor in this field, and a rare musical treat is assured. Both clubs have the same "coach" and are training faithfully. The Wesleyan clubs have more experience but the sons of old Trinity learn quickly. The support of the whole college body is asked for and will doubtless be given. The object is worthy and will reflect in more than one sense, great credit upon both institutions.

JUST why the patron saint of Ireland should preside over underclass fights we do not know. Certain it is that St. Patrick's day is becoming a well established event in the Trinity Calendar. It is also according to custom that the Freshmen should win, which they did, and handsomely. The fight, however, was distinguished from its predecessors by one thing—that was the remarkably good feeling shown between the two classes. St. Patrick's has been a day of revenge; this year it was a day of festivities. To the Freshmen, credit is due for a good fight well planned and executed; to the Sophomores, for doing their best in an uphill cause. On the whole, we were more pleased to see the excellent spirit and evident enthusiasm of the underclassmen, than to note that sundry flags and banners were raised and lowered.

Though we cannot but admire the daring ingenuity of the Freshmen in raising their banner over the Memorial Arch, we regret that their originality did not find its expression in some more tactful way. It is very possible that this arch has no significance to men whose interest is naturally centered about the College, but it has a deep significance to many citizens of Hartford, to whom this celebration of St. Patrick's day was something of a profanation.

NATURALLY at this season of the year class interests are more or less prominent. Perhaps it is less true this year than it has been in the past. Whatever class rivalries existed were completely dissipated by the Sophomore smoker. This event was one that has been discussed and procrastinated for some time and the fact that it has become a reality is a source of sincere congratulation on the part of all Trinity supporters. The affair was held solely for one purpose and that was for arousing spirit and enthusiasm for the spring's activities. Everyone sat indiscriminately in Alumni Hall, regardless of any class distinction and this fact alone was greatly influential in making the smoker eventually a college function. Thanks are due to the ever loyal alumni and the members of the faculty who helped to bring success to the first venture. We think the whole college owes a debt of gratitude to the class of 1908, more especially their committee, for the excellent way in which they planned and executed an event that should do much to stir up support for Trinity on the track and diamond this spring. In conclusion we might say that it is a most excellent example for the class of 1909 to follow so that in time the Sophomore Smoker may become a welcome addition to our established custom.

TO THE BISHOP'S STATUE

I sit and look across the green
To where your figure stands,
And for myself I dare ascribe
A blessing from your hand.
'Tis true you cannot know of me
Yet I, like you, love Trinity.
Before your never-closing eyes
Has passed the change of years.
There are no furrows on your brow
Your cheeks are dry of tears;
Is it because you know with me
Age but improves our Trinity?
Oh! that your lips would break their hush,
And speak the future days
Would prophecy with certain tongue
What honors Time delays
Perhaps you hold it truth with me
There are no bounds for Trinity.

—*Ralph R. Wolfe.*

THE VERSE ON THE WINDOW PANE

“Life’s like an inn, where travellers stay;
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed;
The oldest only sups and goes to bed;
Long is the bill who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.”

It were a queer chance that from Hull in England to South Byfield comes this picturesque bit of sentiment. The great grandfathers of John Ambrose had sailed from this port, thence to Newburyport and had bought farms in South Byfield beside the salt meadows. Valuable pasturages were these great marshes in pioneer days! Even before these early New Englanders the Indians had tramped far for such fodder as the Newbury marshes give.

Walking out along the old turnpike—mayhaps in the last half of a fall afternoon—out from the “Port,” past the inn at the park, between the scraggly juniper fields, past inky pools shaded by immense willows and a sparse bit of chestnut woods, and getting down on to the marshes, you cross the bridge of the “tide-backed” river and a little farther on you come to one of these farms.

Except to John Ambrose and to his father and mother and a young man who walked on this road, this six gabled prosperous looking little farmhouse only finishes one of the many landscapes the artist sees in and about old Newbury.

Once an “artist chap,” driving past, had seen this farmhouse and had offered a worthy price for the house. He

had wanted the little window pane with the queer old verse that grandfather had cut on it. Six months before John was born this was, and they kindly told the stranger "No." And the young wife looked at the young husband with a wondering smile—while the stranger drove on.

The boy was born; after his father, his mother called him John. To John Ambrose, with his parents, this farmhouse became the center of all the life, the poetry of the marshlands. His earliest memory was that of toddling down the road to meet his father; waiting on his shoulders while the cows crowded through the bars and over the bridge. A few minutes the father would stand there, and the small boy on his shoulder would throw sticks over the bridge, laughing as he saw them twirl round and about in the black eddies below.

Three years went by. Occasionally the little fellow helped his father drive in the cows. As often did they stand on the bridge when the youngster would toss a stick into the Parker river, raising on tiptoes, eager to get a last glimpse as the stick sailed around a bend—he wondering where it hastened. Back they would trudge together, the youngest breaking into a run would dare his father to catch him. The father laboring on after him with great puffing, would reach the door two steps behind, catch the little fellow with a whoop and run into the kitchen, letting him jump down and rush into his mother's open arms where he would turn about with a gleeful little chuckle.

After supper when she had tucked him in bed and listened to his prayer, softly, so softly she would come down the back stairs into the kitchen. Until bedtime father and mother talked over the farm, about this and that, and always of the youngster and his doings about the farmyard.

They vied with each other to see who had observed the latest escapade, while he was upstairs asleep. One day the young farmyard brave had been awfully scared by a great bumblebee. That night when he knelt to pray, he came to the line,

“And make me all I ought to be,”

“No, I won’t be a bee!” he cried in startled voice. Years afterward when his mother told him this story, he laughed, and wished very much that he might be such a daring, burly rover.

So the youth grew up and learnt the poetry of the marshes. Long afternoons he wandered over their living piece of land in the middle of the salt meadows; he learned about the marsh-hens, the yellow-legs, and the crows, which sometimes flew there to feed in a body, and flew away in a body, usually just before sunset. On the higher land there was one bit of outcropping trap where he could see out beyond the marshes, across the railroad bank and even beyond Plum Island to the Atlantic. For hours he would watch the “smacks” tacking out for the Banks. Then at night as he lay awake in his low dormer room, the note of the sea coming to him across the still marshes, he dreamily would fall off to sleep, while all the marsh will o’ the wisps would send up a thousand tiny prayers for their elfkin.

A summer came when he had a boat on the river. Saturday mornings he would drift along down with the tide, past deep little creeks, through which the water hastened to catch up with the river tide, going past the railroad bridge and away to the mouth. He learned to know the river fishermen. He stopped to eat a lunch with the hay-makers, and fastened on the mud-shoes for the horses’ af-

ternoon work. Again rowing with the tide, the marshes glorious with the evening sunset—always twinkling on the water in front of his boat, he would row back through the creeks to the bridge. Fastening his boat, he would cross to the field, let down the bars and stand leaning against the bridge while the cows crowded past. Very often his father came down to help him. Together, father and son, each with his arm across the other's shoulder, looked over their golden salt meadows. Ere now the youth had ceased to wonder where the river rushed—and why it came and went again.

Walking up the road, father and son would decide about this matter and that, slowly coming to the door together. Mother standing in the open door with a cheery smile, would hand them the bright pails—"Please hurry for supper." The milking done, the three would sit down together and eat supper.

John still went up to his little room first, and one night father and mother thought it best that he must be going to the Academy. She missed him so much the first mornings oh, wasn't she glad to see her boy hurrying home at noon. One hour all together, away again for three, back again at four. Yet the good news they heard about him made up for the hours he was gone. His teachers and the other boys, soon, like the river-fishermen and the haymakers, loved the youngster for his quiet, cheerful nature. Then he was bright. The first year he won a prize, and his father and mother were so happy.

The father believed in play. Till half-past five the boy was his own master; at the hour and a half's end he was eager to begin his chores. Two more years went past.

Sometimes he would hitch up the farm horse and drive his mother over to the "Port." While she did errands he would play with some of his schoolmates. They lived in old houses too, as old as the Ambrose farm, but some of them were so beautiful inside. On the way home he would tell his mother all about them; he always wondered why the people were so kind to him. Seeing that she smiled such a sad, sad smile and turned away, toward the marshes, he spoke of this no more.

Then came one summer—what the farmers call a "helter-skelter" summer, when it was either sultry or wet. June, then July, went by. August began. What times he had on the river! His father went with him once. What a jolly time they had fishing below the railroad for smelt! Together they rowed back with the evening tide. It was damp and sultry but they didn't mind it. A short while they stood above the Parker river. The boy thought it seemed a bit wilder tonight as the tide rushed in past the posts. Again father and son walked up the road. Together they entered the low side door into the kitchen. This night the father did the chores alone. The mother fondly went up and put her baby boy to bed once more—it was nothing but a chill he assured her. And she went down to get supper ready.

That night the wind sang strange music to the sedge-grasses—and as the young man slowly, dreamily listened to the note of the sea, his soul floating on past the marshes, beyond the railroad, the island, yea to Indian Isles, where the full-rigged ship has never been, the father could scarcely read the second line of the poem cut on the small dormer pane:

"Some only breakfast and away,"

Two weeks later the artist chap saw a short notice in a paper—he had always remembered that little Ambrose farm with the picturesque sentiment cut on a dormer window pane.

Again it is late in the afternoon. The father and mother sit together in the kitchen. A knock comes at the little side door. "Some neighbor to say a kind word" he says. She follows him to the door, a step behind. It is dark in the kitchen, and as the father opens the door she leans forward. The mother draws back into the gloom even as the father turns and takes her hand in his own.

"Yes," they simply said. The artist chap drove swiftly back along the turnpike, over the bridge, up past the wood lands and the Inn.

THE RECLAMATION OF HADLEY

“O bury me not on the lone prairie”
A cowboy cried most mournfullee,
“Where the jackrabbits jump from tree to tree;
O bury me not on the lone prairiee.”

They buried him there on the lone prairie
In a narrow grave just six by three,
Where the coyotes howl most mournfullee,
They laid him down on the lone prairiee.

And now a voice comes o’er the lea,
In accents wild and mournfullee,
Where the jackrabbits jump from tree to tree,
“They’ve buried me here on the lone prairiee.”

The maudlin song of a drunken cowboy echoed from the door of a saloon in the little prairie town of Calaveras. It was late afternoon in May and Calaveras was in gala dress. Banners fluttered from the more pretentious buildings, while the mushroom structures of earlier date displayed brilliant posters heralding the approach of the vast tournament of the cow country, in which the great ranches vied with one another in all the contests dear to the heart of a cowboy.

There were to be a genuine buffalo hunt by a band of Indians, trials of marksmanship, and two events of great moment to the cattlemen, the contests in roping steers and in bronco-riding. There were two contestants for the lat-

ter events. The Horseshoe and the Triple X ranches had divided honors about equally for the past two years, but this year a young Mexican from Arizona, with a widespread reputation for skilful riding, had entered the employ of the Horseshoe outfit and was to ride in the contest with "Red" Allen of the Triple X, the winner of the event on the two previous years. Hence among the knights of the saddle and lariat excitement ran high. The circuit was regarded as doubly important on this particular year as it was given in honor of the Editorial Convention, which had come from New Orleans, where it was in session, by the invitation of the cattlemen and ranchmen in charge of the affair. Platforms and bandstands had been erected in the public square and there were to be speeches on the evening preceding the tournament, by several prominent newspaper men and by Colonel Miller, owner of the Triple X Ranch.

Young Hadley, foreman of the Triple X outfit, leaned against the wall of Macy's Merchandise store and reviewed the activities with interest. The little town presented an appearance that was picturesque in the extreme, almost absurdly so. Dignified Indians sauntered by, some in vari colored blankets, some in white man's garb topped with a huge black sombrero, and others in a fantastical combination of the two, while now and then a swirling cloud of dust would arise as a group of travel-stained cowboys loped into town upon wiry ponies reeking with sweat. Equipages of every description lined the broad main street, and sharply contrasted to them an automobile belonging to Colonel Miller and several handsome carriages containing the cattlemen with their eastern guests, passed leisurely about. Every type of man was present, from the rugged

pioneer to the dapper city-bred easterner. The whole gamut of American civilization was presented in panorama.

Young Hadley was good to look upon. He had a little muscular figure and was clad in blue flannel shirt and chaps. He wore gauntlet gloves and a red kerchief to protect his neck from the burning southern sun. A sombrero was set jauntily upon a well poised head covered by a thick growth of light brown hair with a strong tendency to curl, and the face although browned with exposure was clearcut and handsome.

It was easy to see that his present surroundings had not always claimed him for their own. Three years before young Hadley had been a student at an eastern university and his future had seemed bright, very bright. But as the result of an escapade induced possibly by a too Bacchanalian celebration of commencement week, he had the ill fortune, with two of his classmates, to have his college course cut short at the end of his Junior year by a vote of the faculty. This mishap had taken on mammoth proportions in the eyes of his parents and immediate relatives who unfortunately were people of views decidedly Puritanic.

But that which had troubled him most since that disastrous epoch in his life had been a memory which he had carried with him through all the hardships and vicissitudes of a cowboy's life, a memory of a golden-haired blue-eyed girl with features that could grow playful or sad in a moment's space. Young Hadley liked to flatter himself that he had forgotten that face, but in the long lonely nights when he was on watch on the range it would come before him with all the vividness of former years. He had entered into his work with all the energy he possessed in an attempt to forget but with only partial success, although his application

to duties had brought him its own reward and made him one of the most skilful cowboys of the district. After his departure for the west, as no messages passed between the two young people this little affair of the heart was practically at an end, at least so Alice Lancaster and young Hadley both considered it.

Hadley left his position at Macy's and wandered in a leisurely manner about the town, stopping here and there to exchange a pleasantry with some of his many friends. It was growing dusk and the feeble lights of the little town began to twinkle one by one, and in the square, bonfires and torches were beginning to blaze in preparation for the festivities of the evening. Hadley felt strangely out of place. For some unknown reason the crudity of his surroundings oppressed him and it was with a feeling of relief that he reached the hotel where he and his men were stopping, and busied himself looking over the horses and giving orders before going to his supper.

When he arrived at the public square later in the evening a large audience had already assembled and a portly gentleman was addressing the gathering. Hadley took up his position near one of the temporary grandstands erected for the occasion. He listened at first indifferently. Then something in the voice of the speaker caused him to regard the man more closely. He started involuntarily and gripped "Red" Allen's shoulder so tightly that that person looked at him in surprise. Then he became suddenly pale and the voice of the speaker seemed to come from far away and the audience of restless people was a blur. He had recognized the speaker as Norman Lancaster, editor of one of the leading dailies in his native town, and beyond him, seated with other guests, Alice Lancaster herself, clad in

blue, as she had appeared when he last saw her, three years before. To young Hadley, what transpired afterward was indistinct. When, at the close of the speech-making the bands burst out with a wild blare of music, he turned mechanically and passed down the street with the crowd.

A flood of memories was rushing through his mind and he wanted to forget everything. A strain of music floating out from an open doorway drew his attention and with no other reason except that he welcomed anything to prevent him from thinking, he passed in at the door and found himself in a dance hall of the kind so common in the border towns. Hat in hand, he leaned against the wall near the door and glanced over the hall. People were coming in and the floor was filling fast, but he took little note of what was passing. He was still thinking, thinking; if he only would not think! He became vaguely conscious that some one was addressing him and turned. "Buenas noches, Senor. The senor seems troubled. Wouldn't the gentleman care to dance?" A little Mexican girl, graceful and vivacious, stood beside him and she put this question demurely, but with no embarrassment. Reared in the border life, she saw no impropriety in her action. Young Hadley glanced down at her. "Why not?" he asked himself. It would help him to forget. "With pleasure, Senorita," he said in Spanish with a smile, and in another moment the two were gliding over the floor together. Hadley entered into the gayety with all his soul. He cracked jokes, laughed at the witty remarks of the Senorita and danced madly.

Between the dances drinks were served and he drank with a feverish eagerness born of a desire to forget.

As he recalled it afterward the rest of the evening was a confused jumble in his mind. The liquor passed to his head and he only dimly remembered returning to his hotel in company with one of his men. The next morning he was awakened by some one pounding vigorously upon his door. He opened it and his under foreman, "Slim" Avery, entered with disturbed countenance. He came to relate that "Red" Allen, upon whom victory for the Triple X depended, was beyond awakening, as the result of having imbibed too freely on the night before.

Young Hadley sat up straight and passed his hand over his burning eyes. His head was throbbing and his nerves were shattered by his debauch of the previous evening. Then the enormity of his offense suddenly dawned upon him. He was disgraced. He knew the confidence his employers had in him and remembered his injunctions of the day before, to keep all the men away from whiskey until after the contest. And instead, he had himself dissipated and allowed the only man who could bring triumph for the Triple X to drink to excess.

But Hadley gave no sign to Avery of what was passing through his mind. He mentioned Jack Durfrey as a substitute for Allen and gave orders to get the men and horses together for the tournament. Avery retired with some remarks to the effect that Jack Durfrey would not last ten seconds in an attempt to ride Wildfire, the horse chosen for the Triple X by the judges of the contest. Hadley knew this was true but he was in no mood to discuss the affair with his foreman. He dressed hastily and went down to breakfast. At ten o'clock he swung into the saddle at the head of his men and started for the field. The outlook was gloomy enough as defeat for the Triple X was almost

certain. But there was nothing to be done except to go through the contest in the hope that the Triple X would make a creditable showing in the minor events. In a moment's time the field was reached and as young Hadley rode into the large arena, he saw a vast sea of faces scrutinizing him and his outfit. Riding along close to one side of the grandstand, involuntarily he raised his eyes and found a pair of blue ones regarding him intensely. He thought he detected a slight smile of recognition and raised his hat as he passed.

The great tournament opened with a selection from the band. One event after another passed off and as the show continued, enthusiasm reached a high pitch. Thus far the Triple X had won the greater number of events, and, contrary to expectation, Slim Avery, for the Triple X carried off the trophy in the roping contest. The final award of the victory depended upon the winning of the last event and young Hadley reproached himself bitterly as he reflected that here defeat awaited his outfit. There were only two alternatives: to forfeit the event or let Jack Durfree ride with no possibility of winning. Young Hadley looked across the field to where a vision in blue greeted his eyes and all the fighting spirit that he had known in the old days when he was end on his college team arose within him as he thought that she was there to witness his defeat. Then a sudden resolve came to him and digging the spurs into his horse, he dashed up to where Durfree and a group of Triple X men were with difficulty placing saddle and bridle on Wildfire, preparatory to the start. A short distance away there was a similar struggle where the men of the Horseshoe Ranch were preparing their horse for the battle of man against beast.

Hadley leaped from the saddle and approached the group. "Boys," he said, "I will ride Wildfire myself." Jack Durfrey gave a low whistle of surprise and Slim Avery exclaimed under his breath that the "boss" was losing his senses, but Hadley's decision was final.

A moment later the megaphone at the judges' stand announced the change in riders and the two contestants went forward to take their places at the starting point. Both horses, blindfolded, were led, or rather coaxed, into position. Wildfire was a clean limbed black while the other was a large roan. Both had been selected by the judges as being equally unmanageable and no rider had ever been able to remain upon either of them for any considerable length of time. Across the far end of the arena a wire was stretched and the object of the contest was for each man to urge his horse under the wire.

The contestants took their positions beside their horses. At the sound of the whistle both men sprang into the saddle as one, the blindfolds were removed, and the battle was on. It was a terrific struggle, a pitting of human skill and endurance against brute force. The horses plunged madly, struck with their forefeet and bit at their riders who adjusted themselves with the rapidity of thought to every movement of their mounts. It was a close contest. The Mexican had acquired his skill by constant training from childhood, but his opponent was fighting with all the energy that necessity lends to a man in a crisis. Back and forth across the field the two horses edged, sidled and plunged, while their riders slowly, very slowly forced them nearer and nearer to the wire. Up to this time neither competitor had any marked advantage. Suddenly, young Hadley straightened in his saddle, gripped the sweating body of his horse with his knees and plied quirt and spurs savagely.

The bronco leaped high in the air and came down with stiffened legs, then, crazed with pain, dashed forward and under the wire.

The audience went wild with applause. Drums boomed, hats flew in air and pandemonium reigned. But young Hadley only dimly realized what was taking place. After he had dismounted, he looked through the dust and sunlight to where a tiny handkerchief was fluttering frantically on the far side of the arena. Then he took off his sombrero and smiled. He did not notice a stir among the group of cowboys near him where Wildfire, becoming unmanageable, broke loose from the men who were holding her and struck at her tormentors with her forefeet. Hadley stood directly in the course of her wild rush. Some one shouted a warning, but it was too late. The enraged animal struck him as vicious blow in the head and all became dark before his eyes.

When he awoke he was in one of the spacious rooms of Colonel Miller's town house. He was conscious that someone was near him and turned to find Alice Lancaster at his bedside. She nodded a greeting and raised her hand in warning. "Not a word," she said, "until you have fully recovered." He answered her with a smile, looking straight into the eyes he loved so well. What he saw there must have satisfied him fully for he soon passed into an unbroken sleep.

* * * * *

One afternoon a week later, a snorting smoking engine drawing a long line of Pullman cars steamed out of Calaveras. On the platform of the last car stood Norman Lancaster, his daughter Alice and young Hadley. The latter no longer wore the garb of the plainsman for he was leav-

ing behind him all the associations of the past three years. The great world of struggling men had again claimed him for its own.

At the station the greater part of the population of Calaveras had gathered to witness Hadley's departure. Colonel Miller was there with all the cowboys of the Triple X to give him a parting cheer and the cheering and waving continued until the long line of coaches resolved itself into a dim speck on the horizon.

Mr. Lancaster withdrew but the two young people remained outside until the little town had faded into the dusk of approaching nightfall. It was not without regret that young Hadley watched the group of tiny buildings recede from view, for many cherished memories clustered about the life and people he had known in this great prairie country, but he turned to look into the face of the girl who stood beside him and there he found contentment, for glancing out into the mist that was creeping over the plains he saw no shadow of another parting from her.

LeRoy A. Ladd.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

PHILLIP EVERETT CURTISS, '06, and Henri DeWolf De Mauriac, '07, won first and second prizes respectively in the annual Whitlock prize competition held in Alumni Hall, Friday night, March 9. Mr. Curtiss has the distinction of being the only man who has ever taken the first prize in this contest twice. The speakers and their subjects were as follows:

Phillip Everett Curtiss, "The Poetry of Wordsworth;" Henri De Wolf De Mauriac, "John Hay as Diplomatist;" Donald Ely Lauderburn, "Is Russia in a Critical Position?" Frederick Cleveland Hedrick, "John Hay as Diplomatist."

The Rev. S. Harrington Littell, '95, visited college Saturday and Sunday, March 3 and 4. Mr. Littell has been for some years a missionary in China and his address at the chapel service Sunday morning dealt with the subject of missions.

The S. D. C. held its third banquet at the Hotel Hartford, Friday evening March 9. Mr. C. L. Trumbull acted as toastmaster.

The Class Day elections held recently resulted as follows: President, Owen Morgan; Treasurer, Harry Huet; Presenter, P. E. Curtiss; Lemon Squeezer Presenter, D. W. Gateson; Prophet, A. D. Haight; Statistician, V. E. Rehr; Poet, B. C. Maercklein; Historian, F. C. Hinkel.

President Morgan has appointed the following committees for Class Day: Music,—Rehr, chairman; Brainard, Naylor, the president, the treasurer.

Invitation,—Hinkel, chairman; Fiske, Lauderburn, the president, the treasurer.

Class Day,—the president, chairman, the treasurer, Bowne, Haight, Pierce, Prom,—Marlor, chairman; Burgwin, Gateson, the president, the treasurer.

Dramatics,—Curtiss, chairman; Barbour, Cameron, the president, the treasurer.

Professor Perkins has entirely re-arranged the apparatus in the Physics Laboratory. Many new instruments for delicate work have been added including a Michelson's Interferometer.

NEW CONSTITUTION OF GERMAN CLUB

Article I. The name of this organization shall be the "Trinity College German Club."

Article II. The purpose of this organization shall be to give Germans and to further the best social interests of the college.

Article III. (a) Members shall be drawn from the student body. (b) The membership shall be limited to twenty-five. If possible six shall be added each year.

Officers.

Article IV. (a) The president shall preside at meetings of the club and shall appoint meetings and committees. (b) The secretary-treasurer shall not be a member of the senior class. He shall keep the minutes of meetings, manage the finances of the club and make a report at the close of his term of office.

Elections.

Article V. (a) Election of officers shall be held at the last meeting before the last German of the year. (b) Election of members shall be by ballot, three-fourths of the votes cast being sufficient for election. (c) Members may be elected at any meeting of the club provided a notice of such action be posted on the bulletin board at least one week before the meeting. (d) Candidates for the club must hand their names to the Secretary-treasurer, who shall report them to the standing committee. (e) No member shall be permitted to vote by proxy in transacting any of the business of this club. (f) Two-thirds of the members of the club shall constitute a quorum.

Article VI. (a) Amendments to this constitution shall be by four-fifths vote, notice of the amendment having been given at a meeting at least one week before the time of action. (b) Two copies of it at least shall be extant, held by the two officers of the club. (c) The president shall read the Constitution and By-laws aloud at the beginning of each college term.

THE BY-LAWS

Germans.

Article I. Six Germans shall be given each year. They shall be led by the older members of the club.

Committees.

Article II. (a) The standing committee shall be elected by the club at the beginning of each college year. The president shall be its chairman, and the committee shall consist of three other members, including the secretary-treasurer of the club. (b) This committee shall make a report on the name of each candi-

date for the club. (c) The committee shall choose the leaders for the germans, and shall assign the date for each german, subject to change by a majority of the club.

Article III. (a) At the last meeting of each college year a committee of four alumni shall be chosen by the club. (b) This committee shall meet with the undergraduate members of the club at a meeting previous to the first german of each year to discuss the policy for the ensuing season.

DUES

Article IV. The dues of the club shall consist of: (a) Five dollars each college term, payable to the secretary-treasurer before the first german of each term. (b) One round of favors each term, payable to the leader of some German, at a time to be assigned by the standing committee. (c) An initiation fee payable at a time to be fixed by the committee. (d) Neglect to pay any moneys when due shall cause the forfeiture of the membership, and the name of the delinquent shall be stricken from the role of the club. Furthermore, three-fourths vote shall be necessary for reinstatement.

Article V. Fees from graduate members: (a) One dollar for each german attended with a partner. (b) Three dollars for each german attended without a partner. (c) All fees shall be payable to the secretary-treasurer.

Non-Members.

Article VI. (a) Non-members of the club may be invited to attend a german, preferably the Junior or the Senior week german, by the standing committee at the request of a member of the club. But no non-member shall be invited to attend more than two germans during one college year. (b) Fees from such non-members shall be two dollars for each german attended with a partner; and three dollars for each german attended without a partner. (c) Such fees shall be payable to the secretary-treasurer at least two days before the date of the german.

Article VII. Amendments to these by-laws shall be by four-fifths vote, notice of the amendment having been given at a meeting at least one week before the time of action.

The Commencement Appointments are as follows: Frederick Augustus Grant Cowper of Woodville, N. H., Valedictorian. Henry Gray Barbour of Hartford, Salutatorian. Frederick Charles Hinkel of New York City, Honor Oration.

THE STROLLER

The Stroller was seated at his desk wondering how to make his thoughts stroll instead of ramble. He sought the answer to this psychological problem by reading in the "Tablet" archives. It was found that at this season of the year generations of strolling ancestors had begun with "Spring has come" or "Hurrah for St. Patrick." The first he instantly rejected as the temperature was below 25 degrees, which is the minimum at which the "Spring has come" effusion can flourish. He was about to grind out the second when it occurred to him that something really new had happened. At least he could stroll in "Fresh fields and pastures new." Sunday afternoon chapel was a thing that had been the source of bulletin-board wit; it had been periodically exploited in the college publications, but he had never personally known a man who had been there.

Once, in his Freshman year, he had been beguiled into going and partly on account of his excessive zeal had formed one-third of the congregation. In fact he was half the amateurs present, a feat which he regarded as almost a record. Imagine the surprise of the amiable gentleman, on making his second annual visit, to find the old conservative congregation supplanted by an eager mob. The Stroller could not but rejoice to see many of his old time Prom. friends scattered in the vast audience. He was impressed by it all—he squealed with ecstasy when a quartet, with blithe unconsciousness, sang—each man loyally and simultaneously singing his favorite air. A vocal contortionist then declared in twenty-seven variations, "It is enough." It is but justice to the nimble-witted Stroller to say that he came to this conclusion after the sixteenth round. Despite the fact that he was a veteran, having been present the year before, he almost lost his gravity at the match-making efforts of the organist. That gentleman, after glancing about the chapel, decided that he could help many a bashful youth to happiness. Knowing this to be a business of great tact and subtlety he contented himself by playing that dimly suggestive thing from Lohengrin. The Stroller noted that this playful sally was instantly productive of sundry wise looks and smiles which, being uninitiated, he could not interpret. Certain ribald youths in the rear were seen to cast amorous glances on beloved corn-

cobs or clays. The plucky organist, not discouraged by the fact that no adventurous youth led a blushing maid down the aisle, threw his whole soul into it and played the thing again. This being unsuccessful, he became disheartened and called on the choir for a farewell chorus. That body, being highly musical, artfully disguised in the words of their selection, but, owing to the courtesy of an obliging friend, the Stroller is able to print them.

“Now your chance is over,
Why did not you try?
Shadows of a chap'rone
Steal across the sky.”

REVIEWS.

MRS. MARY DEVEREUX CLARK, whose poems have been kindly sent us, was one of the many descendants of Jonathan Edwards, who has shown literary talent. Her verses are on classical or religious subjects with a few called out by the war, for Mrs. Clark, a North Carolinian, was as became her birth an ardent Southerner.

Nearly all of them are in simple ballad measures and suggest faint echoes of Longfellow. Among the best are "Home's Ear," "Prophet's Staff" and "Under the Lava." A beautiful religious spirit is expressed in many of them.

Professor Holbrook of the class of '69, whom older graduates will remember as a most accomplished Latinist, has published a volume of 141 short poems. The workmanship of all is flawless. Many of the subjects are such as would be suggested to a thoughtful scholar at home in ancient and modern Europe, but nearly half of them are inspired by incidents of American life or history. It is rarely that we find a volume of verses all of which can be read with pleasure. "The Laws of the Game," "The Shell Road," "Old School Days" and the "White Plume" are among the most reflective. "Hotel Dieux" which we transcribe, is admirable, but is little if any above the general level, for the book is poetry in a very true sense.

"Three o'clock and all is well."
In the halls of God's Hotel,
Softly now the echoes play
From the churches far away,
With a message stern and sweet,
Over many a slumbering street
Up and down the nurses go
Through the aisles of human woe,
No emotion, not a word
Scarce the quiet step is heard,
But the pillowed faces greet
Steady hand and noiseless feet,
Medicine and anodyne
Sorrow's balm and torture's wine.

There's another figure there,
Dark as midnight, light as air,
Where she looks the shivers fair
O'er the forehead like a glare;
When she talks a deeper frown
Draws the sleeping eyelids down
Starting sweat and quivering vein,
Softly, softly, Madam Pain.

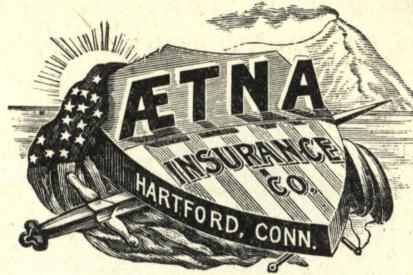
See the doctor old and gray,
Coming down the fatal way,
Pausing where the watchlight falls,
In a halo on the walls,
Like a benediction shed
On the quiet sufferer's head,
Here's no trouble just a trace
Of exhaustion in the face;
Waxen hands that softly rest,
Folded on the peaceful breast,
Scarce you hear that faintest breath—
"Thank you kindly, Doctor Death."

C. F. J.

EXCHANGES.

WE gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following papers and magazines: The Chronicle (Hartford High School); Exonian; Horae Scholasticae; Triangle; The Tech; Pontefract; Wesleyan Lit; Williams Lit; Harvard Monthly; Maine Campus; The Lafayette; College Signal; Hobart Herald; Tufts Weekly; Colgate Madisonensis; K. H. S. Echo; Hill School Record; Virginia; William Jewell Student; Haverfordian; Smith College Monthly; Columbia University Quarterly; Academy Scholium; The Critic.

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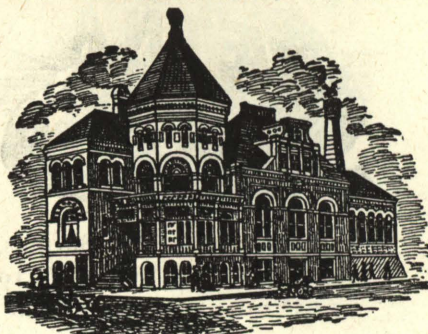
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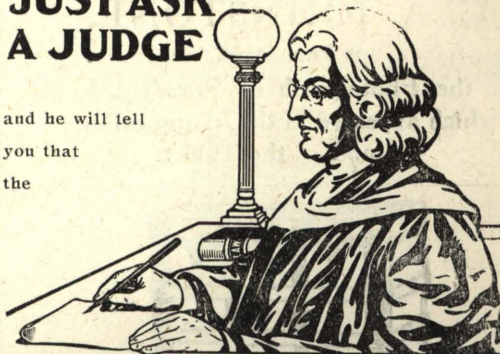
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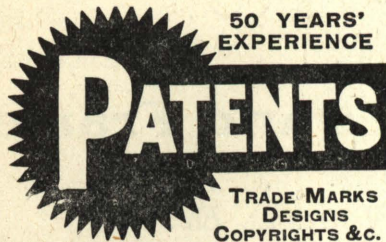
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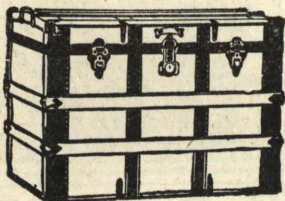
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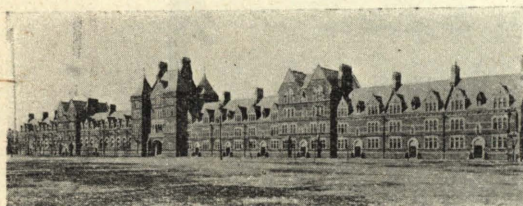
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